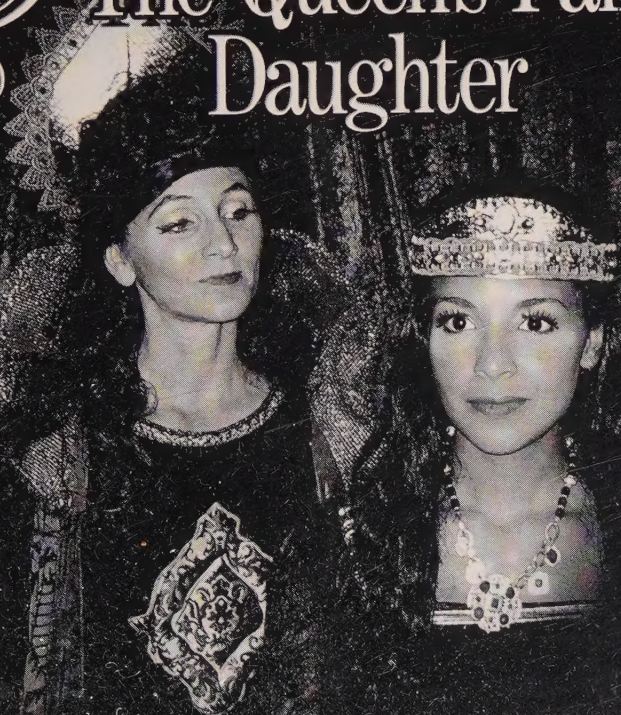


Based on the Olenberg manuscript and early versions
of the Brothers Grimm tale.

Snow White: The Queen's Fair Daughter



Fairy tale adapted by Max Bush



Max Bush is a freelance playwright and director whose plays are widely produced on professional, educational and amateur stages across the country. He's won many awards for his work including the Distinguished Play Award from AATE, the IUPUI National Playwriting Competition, Individual Artist grants from Michigan Council for the Arts and an Aurand Harris Playwriting grant from the Children's Theater Foundation of America for his work on *Looking Through You* and *Voices From the Shore*. He's

been commissioned by the Nashville Children's Theatre, The Emmy Gifford Theater (Omaha), Lexington Children's Theatre, Honolulu Theatre for Youth, Karamu House (Cleveland), Hartford Children's Theatre, Portland High School (Michigan), Circle Theatre (Grand Rapids) and the Goodman/DePaul School of Drama (Chicago, Central Michigan University and Michigan State University). Published plays include: *Ghost of the River House*, *Ezigbo*, *The Spirit Child*, *The Crystal*, *The Boy Who Left Home to Find Out About the Shivers*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *Puss in Boots*, *Rapunzel*, *Chest of Dreams*, *The Adventure of Treasure Island*, *The Emerald Circle*, *Sarah*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Looking Through You*, *Voices From the Shore*, *From Every Mountainside*, *The Frog Prince* and *Snow White: The Queen's Fair Daughter*. In 1995, Meriwether Press published an anthology of 10 of his plays, and the American Alliance for Theatre and Education awarded him the Charlotte Chorpenning Cup for a nationally significant body of work for young audiences. In 2003, Bush was named a Distinguished Alumni by Grand Valley State University for his work in playwriting and also for developing programs at the university. This honor is awarded to only two individuals per year.

Snow White: The Queen's Fair Daughter

By

MAX BUSH

Based on the Olenberg manuscript
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(SNOW WHITE: THE QUEEN'S FAIR DAUGHTER)

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For Kelie Miley,
who believed in the tale.

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INTRODUCTION

1

Probably sometime in 1808 the Brothers Grimm listened to the story of "Little Snow White." They were probably told the tale by Marie Hassenpflug, an educated woman in her early 20s, whose first language was French, and who was not a peasant but born into a privileged family. The Hassenpflugs (Marie, Jeanette, Amalie) met the Grimms on a number of occasions to tell their stories. Marie, probably, heard "Little Snow White" from her servant, or governess. From listening to Marie's story the Grimms created a handwritten manuscript.

Clemens Brentano, a collaborator and mentor of the brothers was, at that time, working on collecting folk songs and stories himself. Probably sometime in 1810, Brentano asked the brothers to send him copies of all the tales they had collected. Brentano intended to base stories of his own upon the tales. The brothers made copies for themselves and complied, as they were collecting the stories as material for exploring and developing a deeper understanding of the authentic German character and language, and they wanted to keep the versions of the stories that were closest to the source. Indeed, they approached their work as scholars doing scholarly research, not as collectors of stories to be retold in a literary fashion to children. The brothers sent a total of 49 tales to Brentano with the proviso that he destroy the manuscripts after he gleaned from them what he wanted. Brentano agreed.

Apparently, the brothers destroyed all their original manuscripts, as there is no evidence that any of them have survived.

For the next 100 years, for all the world knew, no copies of the original manuscripts remained. Then, in 1920, in the Olenberg

Monastery in Alsace, France, the Brentano manuscripts resurfaced. Included in the 49 tales was the original handwritten manuscript version of "Little Snow White."

In 1974 Heinz Rölleke edited a volume called *Die älteste Märchensammlung der Brüder Grimm (The Oldest Fairy Tales)*, which contains all 49 tales found in the Olenberg manuscript, as well as annotations concerning how the Grimms changed the tales through the various editions published during their lifetimes.

By the first edition of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen (Children's and Household Tales)*, published by the Grimms in 1812, the brothers began substantially altering the story of "Little Snow White." For instance, Snow White's father, the king, played a prominent role in the manuscript version of the tale, but the Grimms completely cut him out. And the huntsman, ordered by the queen to kill Snow White and return with her liver and lungs, and who did not kill her but used the organs of a boar, was a creation of the Grimms. (It is possible that this element came from a different storyteller of the same tale, but there is no record of that.)

It is interesting to note that in the first published edition, the mother was still a mother, not a stepmother. The brothers later changed her into a stepmother when they realized their stories were being read to children. They wished to make the tales more palatable, and so softened some elements, as well as added moralistic and Christian motifs not found in the "original" tales.

2

Other versions of "Snow White" were told by different storytellers at the time the Brothers Grimm were collecting their tales. These versions, frequently similar in content and images, also frequently contained different characters, scenes, beginnings and endings. (In one version the queen speaks not to a mirror but to

her dog; in another, Snow White befriends not seven dwarves but seven thieves.) The question of what constitutes the “original version” proves difficult to answer. However, the manuscript tale remains the version closest to the oral tradition while being the most complete and coherent, and seems to contain most of the major elements of the story, and that is why I chose to base the play largely on it.

One of the difficulties, of course, in making a play out of any version of any of the Grimm tales, is the necessity of making the play work on stage while doing as little violence to the narrative and the underlying psychology as possible. While I stated that I based the script on the Olenberg manuscript and the later versions of the story, I myself made major changes in the narrative to make a more effective play. For instance, in the manuscript, the king finds Snow White in the glass coffin in the forest. He orders his doctors to tie a rope to the four corners of the coffin, and thus she is brought back to life. A note written in the manuscript, presumably by the brothers, after the end of the story, states: “According to a different version the dwarves touched her with a magic hammer 32 times and thus brought Snow White back to life.” I found these endings not only dramatically unsatisfying, but suspect. Indeed, the tale teller in the manuscript seemed to have a difficult time recalling how the princess was awakened. A note in the margin near the end of the manuscript, also presumably written by the Grimms, states that the ending “isn’t right” and is “incomplete.” The brothers went on to disregard Marie Hassenpflug’s ending as well as the other version they mention (32 soft magic-hammer strikes) and to write their own version of Snow White’s awakening for their first published edition. They had a servant knock the apple piece out of Snow White’s mouth. (Ultimately the Grimms found this ending unsatisfactory as well and changed it again in later publications.)

I struggled for some time as to what to do with the ending, trying both the king and then the prince for Snow White's awakening. In the manuscript, after the king's doctors awaken Snow White, the storyteller relegates the prince's character to less than one sentence: "Thereafter, all of them moved out of the house and Snow White was married to a beautiful prince." When I decided the prince actually fit the story as I understood it—and proved more effective dramatically—I also wrote a different method of Snow White's awakening.

But this gave me pause. As with any play, it is necessary to decide what to focus on, what to keep in, what to discard, what to alter, what to expand, how to shape. But because this was an adaptation and I wished to keep as much of the tone, structure and meaning of the "original" material as possible, I returned to the research for a more thorough understand of the tale, its many narrative forms, and levels of meaning.

Also, I wanted a better, more complete answer for a question that kept resurfacing the more I looked at the tale: Why would mothers continuously tell this story—with this queen, this mother—to their daughters generation after generation? Since this was the central relationship in the story, why did generations of mothers and daughters find this story so appealing?

In the afterword to this publication I explore some answers to this question, as well as discuss some other of the Grimm tales. I include, as well, an English translation of the complete manuscript version of the tale.

Max Bush
June 2009

Snow White: The Queen's Fair Daughter was commissioned by Savannah Children's Theatre, Savannah, Ga., and opened there on April 18, 2008, with the following cast and crew:

NARRATOR(S)	Micaela Slotin
QUEEN	Amy Kole
GRETA	Caitlyn Scott
KING	Kevin Feldman
YOUNG SNOW WHITE.	Ana Khutsishvili
SNOW WHITE.	Lauren Holman
MIRROR	Kevin Feldman
GUARD	Carter Keith
SEVEN DWARVES.	Cason Richter, Ethan Bonsignori, Troy Allen, Andrew Ottimo, Erin McMahon, Sophia Prisco, Trevor Martin
ROLAND	Galen Schneider
FREDERICK	Evan Bonsignori
CHILDREN.	Anna Schneider, Lexy Bonsignori
Director	Kelie Miley
Stage Manager.	Cynthia Holman
Assistant Stage Manager	Eric Mitchell
Costume Mistress'	Renee McMahon
Costumes	Bonnie Juengert, Cheryl Lauer, Cheryl Prisco
Window	Suzanne Crum
Props	Heather Wall, LeeAnn Kole
Lighting and Sound	Terri Sparks, Danielle Pinkerton, On Site Services
Program	Lee Brantley

Set Construction Eric Mitchell, Mike Prow,
Carrie Negley, Stanley Simons Jr., Stewart Pinkerton

Tech Crew Georgette Bonsignori, Kim Buice,
Carrie Negley, Glory Padgett, Mark Padgett,
Sarah Pinkerton, Caitlyn Scott, Marcia Smith,
Stanley Simons Jr., Rob Sumerlin, Corinne Willis

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Snow White: The Queen's Fair Daughter

CHARACTERS:

NARRATOR(S) (w) one or more actresses
QUEEN Snow White's mother
GRETA chambermaid
KING Snow White's father
SNOW WHITE daughter of the queen
MIRROR (m)
GUARD (m or w) Snow White's personal guard
SEVEN DWARVES (m or w)
ROLAND a prince
FREDERICK Prince Roland's tutor

TIME: Once upon a time.

PLACE: The chamber room and queen's secret room, the deep forest, a forest clearing, the home of the seven dwarves.

PRODUCTION NOTE: This play is designed to run fairly smoothly, with as many crossfades and as few blackouts between scenes as possible. While there will be times blackouts are necessary, holding them to a minimum will substantially improve the quality of a production.

Snow White: The Queen's Fair Daughter

AT RISE: *We see the QUEEN's chamber. A large fire burns in the fireplace. Off the main chamber (or in the above) is the QUEEN's secret room. In it we see the MIRROR, her tables of herbs and potions, manikins dressed in her disguises, a skull, candelabra, stone bowls, jars, ancient manuscripts, and various other implements of witchery.*

In dim light, in the QUEEN's chamber, the QUEEN sits facing the audience, frozen, sewing a small girl's dress. She's framed by a window unit containing an ebony window frame with snow on the outside of the sill. Also in dim light, GRETA (chambermaid) kneels at the fireplace, frozen, stoking the fire. Spot up on NARRATOR(S).

NARRATOR. This is the story as it was told to us. Once, in the winter,

(Lights up on GRETA; she animates, placing another log on the fire.)

NARRATOR. while snow fell from the skies, a queen

(Lights up on QUEEN as she animates and begins sewing.)

NARRATOR. sat in her chamber room, sewing by the window.

GRETA. You seem lost in thought, madam.

QUEEN *(obviously too warm)*. I was thinking: How I would like a child.

GRETA. Oh, yes, madam, all of us wish for one; the king himself has said so.

QUEEN. A daughter. *(Holding up the dress.)*

GRETA. And a pretty dress that is, madam. May your wish come true.

QUEEN. Your fire, Greta; I'm so warm! And there is no air! *(She rises, opens the window, we hear the winter wind.)* Ah, the wind is cold...the snow...clean...pure... *(She breathes in the cold air.)* Yes, a daughter; a daughter as— *(She pricks her finger.)* Ah!

GRETA. Madam?

QUEEN. I pricked my finger with the needle. Look, drops of blood on the snow. Isn't that beautiful...? If only I had a child as white as snow; as red as this blood; and with hair as black as this window frame.

NARRATOR. Soon after, she had a beautiful daughter: white as the snow, red as blood, and black as ebony wood. And the queen named her:

QUEEN *(fondly)*. Snow White.

NARRATOR. Now, next to the chamber

(GRETA shuts window, exits. The QUEEN moves to the door of her secret room, gestures to the door, and it opens.)

NARRATOR. was a room no one entered except the queen, for it was her secret room. In her room she kept her ancient books, herbs, disguises and a mirror...

(The QUEEN pulls back drape that covers the mirror. Mirror lights up.)

QUEEN. Mirror, Mirror, on the wall

Who is the most beautiful in all the land?

MIRROR. You, my queen, are fairest of all.

QUEEN. But surely there is some other who is more beautiful than I?

MIRROR. None, my queen, in this land, is fairer to the eye.

NARRATOR. And then she knew for certain that no one was more beautiful than she.

(She pulls drape in front of mirror. QUEEN exits her secret room, moves into chamber.)

NARRATOR. Time passed. As Snow White grew, she would often visit her mother in the chamber room. Here they would eat together, play together, and Snow White would tell her mother stories.

(SNOW WHITE runs on into chamber, followed by the GUARD. She's about 12 or 13, with long black hair pinned up, pale skin, red cheeks. She's dressed royally in white with gold trim—but like a child—and carries a bouquet of small red flowers, which she holds in her gloved hand. The GUARD, rather embarrassedly, car-

ries a larger bouquet of larger white daisies. GUARD hides them from the QUEEN.)

SNOW WHITE. Mother!

(SNOW WHITE runs to the QUEEN and they embrace. QUEEN kisses SNOW WHITE. GUARD bows to QUEEN.)

GUARD. My lady.

QUEEN *(delighted to see her)*. Snow White... How was your walk?

SNOW WHITE. I found the little red flowers you wanted, but when I picked them they smelled bad. *(She smells them, grimaces.)* And seemed to make a sound like a groan. *(She makes that sound.)*

QUEEN. They don't like to be picked. *(Looking at GUARD.)* Did you wear gloves like I asked?

GUARD. She did, my lady.

SNOW WHITE *(playfully singing this next line, showing her gloved hand)*. Yes, Mother.

QUEEN. I would not want the plant to harm you. *(She takes the flowers.)*

SNOW WHITE. But won't they harm you?

QUEEN. These flowers and I have come to an understanding—

SNOW WHITE. But I couldn't understand why you would want such flowers—

QUEEN. —because of the powers within them.

SNOW WHITE. —so I brought you... *(she takes them from the GUARD)* a bouquet of daisies! These are *(sing-*

ing the word) prettier. (Spoken.) And smell them! (She gives them to QUEEN.)

QUEEN *(smells them)*. Fresh and bright. White flowers, like our little Snow White. *(Kisses SNOW WHITE's cheek.)*

SNOW WHITE. I knew you would like them.

QUEEN. Did you make up a story to tell me? I have been waiting all day for you to tell me a new story. Are your daisies part of your new story?

SNOW WHITE. I tried, but my stories are not as good as they used to be.

QUEEN. Of course they are.

SNOW WHITE. So, when I could not think of what was next: *(Overly dramatic.)* "Guard, help me! I cannot think of what happens! And mother will have to know!"

QUEEN. And did you help her?

GUARD. Yes, my lady, but she created most of the story herself. And may I say, our princess hopes you are pleased.

(The QUEEN sits, holding flowers, readies herself. She will take great delight in her daughter telling the story. SNOW WHITE removes her gloves.)

QUEEN. What is the name of your story?

SNOW WHITE. "The Secret Rosebush."

QUEEN. Oh, mysterious. And roses, not daisies?

SNOW WHITE. Once upon a time a girl was wandering with her kitten through the castle garden when she found a large rosebush. "Yvette—"

QUEEN. Yvette?

SNOW WHITE. Her kitten. "Yvette, this rosebush looks so old, but I don't remember seeing it before." Her kitten said: (*In a French accent.*) "Zis rosebush was not here yesterday."

QUEEN (*laughing*). Oh, ze kitten, she is French.

SNOW WHITE. Oui, oui. (*Continuing story.*) As she walked closer she saw an opening in the bush, and a path. She thought: "These roses are so beautiful there must be something beautiful on the other side." "No, no," said the kitten, "zere might be snarling dogs on ze other side." "There might be a lovely lake on the other side, where I could swim." Suddenly a bear stuck his head out from the other side. The bear said: (*In a German accent.*) "Who would you be? Vhat do you vant?"

QUEEN. Ah, the bear; he is German!

SNOW WHITE. Ja!

QUEEN (*delighted and laughing*). Ja! Das goot!

SNOW WHITE. Now, the girl wanted to see what was on the other side, for she had never been away from her castle. She asked:

Girl: "What is on the other side?"

Bear: "A little lake vere you could svim in the deep vater."

Kitten: "You will drown. We cannot swim."

Girl: "I can swim. I am learning."

Kitten: "But I cannot."

Bear: "Do you haf some honey? Ja. I vant some honey."

Girl: "Will you protect me if I go through the rosebush?"

Kitten: "He is a bear, *mademoiselle*! He will devour you."

Bear: "Nine! I vill protect you if you gif me some honey."

Kitten: "He will eat you."

Bear: "Stay there. Ja, I vill come und get you."

Kitten: "He is coming to get you! Ze bear is coming to get you!"

Bear: "I am coming to get you, Fräulein."

Kitten: "Help! Somebody help us! Ze bear, he is coming to get us!"

Bear: "I vant honey. Give me honey!"

Kitten: "Run away! Run away!"

(The bear growls.

The kitten meows.

The bear growls louder.

The kitten hisses.

The bear growls louder.

The girl screams.)

SNOW WHITE (*cont'd*). And then the girl... (*She stops abruptly.*)

QUEEN. "And then the girl..."

SNOW WHITE. And then the girl...

QUEEN. What is next?

SNOW WHITE. I do not know.

QUEEN. But how does it end? Does she run back to the castle? Does she go into the rosebush?

SNOW WHITE. I could not decide. Guard said she did go in.

GUARD. She must go in.

QUEEN. And what was on the other side?

SNOW WHITE. I do not know.

QUEEN. But I must know the end!

SNOW WHITE (*to GUARD. Singing the next line*). I told you! (*Spoken. Drawing a large frown with her two index fingers.*) The queen is unhappy.

QUEEN (*applauds enthusiastically*). What a delightful story. And such an excellent performance. You have a wonderful imagination, Snow White. (*SNOW WHITE curtsies gracefully to her audience.*) Will you finish your story tomorrow?

SNOW WHITE. If you will help me.

QUEEN. We will finish it together tomorrow. But now I must put these bright flowers in water; they are fading. (*She starts toward her secret room, SNOW WHITE follows her. QUEEN stops.*) You must wait here.

SNOW WHITE. But what is in that room? I hear sounds, I smell things, I imagine what is happening—am I still not old enough? I have a (*singing these two words*) birthday, soon.

QUEEN. Stay with the guard until I return.

SNOW WHITE. Soon I will be so old nothing in any room will ever scare me.

(SNOW WHITE watches as QUEEN moves toward her room. The QUEEN pauses at the door, then waves her left hand in a patterned way, which causes the door to open. She enters and puts the daisies in a vase.)

SNOW WHITE (*cont'd., turning away from secret room*).

Have you entered that room, Guard?

GUARD. The queen declared no one may enter.

SNOW WHITE. Do you know what is in it?

GUARD. No, and I would not go in, if I valued my life.

SNOW WHITE. Oh, it cannot be that dangerous. What do you suspect is in there?

GUARD. If I suspected, I would not say.

SNOW WHITE. I suspect there is a monster in that room, that she must feed with flowers and frustrating guards.
(She flops into a chair.)

(Focus shifts to the QUEEN at her table. She rips a number of pieces off the bouquet of red flowers, putting pieces into a stone bowl. Then, she carefully places a large doll on the table. The doll has black hair and red cheeks and lips, and is dressed all in white. She removes pieces of the red flower from stone bowl—together with some other sparkling and dark flecks—and sprinkles them over the head of the doll.)

QUEEN. Let children play, always in light.

Age stay away, while in your sight.

Always it is May, never summer night.

(There is a flash; then, she carefully wraps doll in a cloth, as:)

SNOW WHITE *(her patience wearing thin)*. What is she doing in there? And why must I wait? *(Short silence. She stands.)* Mother! *(She starts toward secret room.)* Someday I'm just going to—

(Just then the QUEEN reenters the main chamber.)

SNOW WHITE *(cont'd)*. Mother, is there some monster in the room, that I cannot go in there?

QUEEN. I made this for your coming birthday, Snow White, but, since you were kind enough to gather those beautiful daisies for me, I want to give it to you now.

(SNOW WHITE excitedly takes the gift, carefully unwraps doll.)

SNOW WHITE. Oh, Mother, she is beautiful. And royal. And almost alive.

QUEEN. She has the gift of making anyone who plays with her, forever young.

SNOW WHITE *(holding doll up to him)*. See, Guard?

GUARD. A pretty doll, Princess, but not as pretty as you.

SNOW WHITE. Thank you, Mother.

QUEEN. You are our Snow White, white as snow. May you always be Snow White.

GRETA *(entering)*. Madam...the king.

(The KING enters; he wears partial battle garb. GUARD bows, QUEEN and SNOW WHITE curtsy to him. GRETA exits.)

KING *(bowing slightly)*. My queen.

QUEEN. My lord.

SNOW WHITE. My lord.

QUEEN *(starting toward the KING)*. I am happy to—

KING *(opening his arms to her)*. Princess!

SNOW WHITE. Father! *(She runs in front of QUEEN to KING, jumps on him, he swings her around.)* Look what Mother gave me!

KING. Another doll?

SNOW WHITE. You know I like dolls.

KING. Give me the— *(He reaches for doll, grimaces in pain, stops.)*

QUEEN. Guard, help him to my chair.

SNOW WHITE. What is it, Father?

KING. French swords are sharp, but not sturdy. *(To QUEEN.)* I need a new bandage. And your ointment to speed healing.

(The QUEEN moves to the door of her room, waves her hand, enters and retrieves a fresh bandage, a bowl of water and a cloth, and an ointment in a bottle, while:)

SNOW WHITE. I do not understand why you must fight the French.

KING. You know so little of the world, Princess.

SNOW WHITE. Are they not people, like us?

KING. I will speak to your tutors and have them teach you the history of our border with the French. *(Pulls up his sleeve, we see a bloody bandage.)*

SNOW WHITE. *(horrified by the sight of blood, backing away.)* Oh!

KING. You must not fear the sight of blood, Princess.

SNOW WHITE. But you are bleeding through your bandage.

KING. Come here.

(She hesitates. QUEEN reenters chamber.)

KING *(cont'd)*. Come here. *(She moves to him, gripping her doll.)* Remove the bandage.

SNOW WHITE. But then I will see your wound.

KING. Remove the bandage. *(She reaches out and almost touches the bandage.)*

SNOW WHITE *(struggling to obey)*. I will touch the blood!

KING *(jerking, intentionally startling her)*. Hah! *(SNOW WHITE jumps back; the KING laughs.)*

QUEEN. She is a child. Sit down, Snow White. Look away. Play with your doll. *(She sits, but watches entranced as the QUEEN removes bandage, dips the cloth in the bowl of water, cleans the wound. Then she will put on the ointment and re-bandage the wound.)* How goes the battle?

KING. The French refuse to discuss a truce; they will fight until one of us is defeated.

QUEEN. Will you return to the war?

KING. When I am well enough.

QUEEN. You will be well enough in three days. But, I have much to tell you: there was a rat in the cook's apron; the English duke arrived, seeking a trade agreement. And I have to tell you your daughter's story of ze kitten und, ja, the bear.

KING *(smiles, takes his arm away, adjusts the bandage)*. Much better. And no pain. *(He takes her hand, kisses it.)*

QUEEN. If you stay we could hold a banquet—in your honor—I will arrange it. In truth, my lord, the castle is cold without you.

KING. I must return to the fight as soon as possible. Snow White, come here. *(She does.)* Give me your doll. *(She does. He throws it on the floor. SNOW WHITE begins to protest, as does the QUEEN.)* Remove the doll from this room, Guard, and give it to a child.

GUARD. Yes, my lord. *(He picks up doll.)*

SNOW WHITE. No, Guard, please, my new doll, no, I—

(GUARD exits. KING takes SNOW WHITE by the hand.)

KING. You have grown these last months. Grown beyond dolls. *(He turns SNOW WHITE around, takes the pins out of her hair, her hair falls down, full and black. He turns her around to face him.)* Ah...see...you have become...beautiful...a beautiful young woman. And you need not fear blood. It runs through you; it colors your lovely cheeks; it is life itself. And your birthday is in two days, is it not?

SNOW WHITE. Yes.

KING. On your birthday we will have a ball—in your honor—with musicians and dancing and magic—

SNOW WHITE. Dancing?

KING. You will attend—and I will show the world what a beautiful young woman you are becoming. Do you want this?

SNOW WHITE. I...have never been to a ball.

KING. It will be your first of many.

SNOW WHITE. Would you dance with me?

KING. If you will, we will dance in front of the entire kingdom to the music of your choosing.

SNOW WHITE. My maid! She must make my dress for the ball! *(She runs off.)*

KING. Has she not grown?

QUEEN. Yes, my lord.

KING. You will arrange this ball?

QUEEN. Yes, my lord.

KING. And dress her like a lady?

QUEEN. Yes, my lord.

KING (*holding out his hand to the QUEEN. She takes it*). Come. And what is this story of ze kitten und, ja, the bear?

QUEEN (*as they are exiting*). Yes, you should hear this story. She called it, "The Rosebush." Once, a girl and her kitten were walking in the garden, when she saw a large rosebush...

(*They exit. NARRATOR enters.*)

NARRATOR. And so Snow White attended the ball on her birthday, wearing the dress of a young lady. And, as her mother watched, Snow White danced with her father and he presented her to the world. Early the next morning, as most of the castle slept...

(*SNOW WHITE enters chamber room quietly, so as not to attract attention. Her hair is down, and she wears the clothes of a young woman—a beautiful red and white gown. She tiptoes to QUEEN's secret room, looks to make sure no one is coming, then tries to open the door by making the hand gestures she has seen the QUEEN make. Nothing happens. She tries again. Still nothing. She tries once more, being precise, the door swings open and she enters. She closes door behind her.*)

She moves into room, takes it all in.)

SNOW WHITE. I do not see any monsters, Mother. (*She moves to manikin with one of the QUEEN's disguises on it, takes a hat, puts it on. She moves farther into room, to hanger, takes down an elegant robe, drapes it over*

herself. She looks at herself, gestures in robe. A sweet music-box music is heard, she turns to see where it is coming from. Behind her, the manikin begins to move; the manikin's arm touches SNOW WHITE. She gives a quiet cry, backs away quickly, into a chair; it falls over. She jumps back, backs into a table; something on the table explodes. She moves quickly away from table. Silence.) Magic...Mother magic... (Looking around room.) Ancient books, herbs, instruments. Mother makes potions.

(As SNOW WHITE removes the robe, GRETA enters, crossing to door of secret room, carrying a tray of food. GRETA knocks; SNOW WHITE quickly returns robe to manikin.

GRETA knocks again.)

GRETA. My lady!

(SNOW WHITE freezes in fear, not knowing what to do, realizes she still has the hat on, quickly puts it back. GRETA knocks again.)

GRETA (*cont'd*). Madam? Your breakfast... Madam, your breakfast is ready and warm. (*SNOW WHITE moves to door, listens. GRETA gives up, walks out with tray saying:*) Never you mind. then. Your breakfast will be cold as stone and whose fault will that be? (*She is gone.*)

(SNOW WHITE's attention returns to the room. She sees drape that covers the mirror, moves to it, slowly pulls it

back. Lights on the mirror glow and we see the man in the mirror, as does SNOW WHITE.)

MIRROR. Snow White.

SNOW WHITE. Oh! *(She quickly pulls drape again, backs away. She gradually approaches mirror again, pulls back drape, mirror lights up.)*

MIRROR. Snow White.

SNOW WHITE. A mirror...that does not reflect me, but sees me. *(She curtsies to the MIRROR.)* Who are you?

MIRROR. I am the answers to your questions.

SNOW WHITE. What questions?

MIRROR. I see that you are opening to the world and you have questions. But know, I will answer them, with the truth.

SNOW WHITE. But what do I ask?

MIRROR. Something is coming to you, and you are afraid. Ask about that.

SNOW WHITE. But I am not afraid.

MIRROR. Not afraid...to enter the rosebush?

SNOW WHITE. That was a story.

MIRROR. Your story.

SNOW WHITE. Yes, I told my mother that story.

MIRROR. But you did not finish it. Do you have a question about your story? What is on the other side?

SNOW WHITE. Will you show me...the world outside the castle land?

MIRROR. Will I show you...yourself...as the world sees you?

SNOW WHITE. No, I wish to see the world in your glass.

MIRROR. I am not that mirror. To show you the world in my glass.

(QUEEN, GRETA and GUARD enter, walking quickly toward the secret room.)

SNOW WHITE. Not that mirror...?

MIRROR. I am that mirror that can answer questions about you. You have a question about the ball?

SNOW WHITE. Yes, the ball... *(She dances a little.)* At the ball...

MIRROR. Yes.

SNOW WHITE. Last night, with my father—

MIRROR. Yes.

SNOW WHITE. How did my father see me?

MIRROR. I am the mirror that can answer that question. As he told you himself, you are the most beautiful woman in the land.

QUEEN. Wait here.

GRETA. Yes, madam.

GUARD. Yes, my lady.

(SNOW WHITE has heard this. She breaks from the mirror, pulls drape; the lights on mirror go out. She frantically looks for a place to hide; finds one under the table. QUEEN enters secret room.)

QUEEN. Last night was impossible. All eyes on *her*...her ball, her birthday, her king. He danced with her, not with me. I am his wife! He attended her all night! *(She stops moving. More vulnerable now, genuinely hurt.)* Everyone saw. And they talk; the people talk. They talk about her. And what are they saying about me? What is the king saying about me? *(She begins to cry.)* No. No tears. *(She cries louder.)* Who am I?... Have I lost...myself?

My child, my lovely child, how could you do this to me? *(She slowly rises, wipes the tears from her face. She moves to a table, picks up a hairbrush. SNOW WHITE begins to move, the QUEEN drops her brush.)* Ah...

(SNOW WHITE fears she has been seen, ducks back into her hiding place. The QUEEN brushes her hair, adjusts her clothing, still emoting. While she is doing this, SNOW WHITE quietly moves to door, carefully opens it, and goes into chamber room unseen by the QUEEN. GRETA and GUARD, however, see her.)

GRETA. Princess?

SNOW WHITE *(quietly)*. Please, not a word. Either of you. Not a word, if you value my life.

(GRETA smiles, agrees. GUARD nods. SNOW WHITE exits.)

The QUEEN sets down brush. She then pinches her cheeks to make them red, smooths her eyebrows, bites her lips, adjusts her robe, and pulls the drape back in front of the mirror.

The mirror lights up. She poses for the mirror. Through her sadness.)

QUEEN. Mirror, Mirror, on the wall
Who is fairest of us all?

MIRROR. None, my queen, is fairer in sight;
Except for your daughter, the beautiful Snow White.

(This gives the QUEEN pause. Stunned; she works up the courage to ask again.)

QUEEN. Mirror, who is the most beautiful in all our land?

MIRROR. Snow White...did you not understand? *(Pause.)*

QUEEN. Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,

Who is fairest of us all?

MIRROR. Snow White. Snow White, the Princess of the Ball.

(The QUEEN struggles to accept this, but cannot.)

QUEEN. She is red as blood! *(She storms out of the secret room into the main chamber.)* Greta!...Greta!...Greta!

GRETA. Here, my lady.

QUEEN. Where is the king?

GRETA. He went to war, madam.

QUEEN. The king has left?

GUARD. He rode out early this morning.

QUEEN. Without speaking to me?

GRETA. Perhaps he did not wish to disturb you, madam.

QUEEN *(after a moment)*. Snow White, bring her to me.

GRETA. Yes, madam. Has something happened?

QUEEN. Bring her to me now.

GRETA. What has she done, madam?

QUEEN. Bring her to me yourself!

GUARD. I'm sure she meant no harm, my lady.

GRETA. She is just young, and curious.

QUEEN. Curious?

GUARD. And children often want what is forbidden; it is their nature.

GRETA. Surely there can be no harm in satisfying her curiosity.

QUEEN. Snow White...entered my room?

GRETA. Perhaps you could teach her the mysteries of your room yourself—

GUARD. For her birthday.

GRETA. What harm could come of that?

GUARD. Her tutors have all said you would find her an eager pupil.

QUEEN. Now, Greta, go now! (*GRETA curtsies, then starts off.*) Faster, Greta! (*She runs off. To herself.*) She entered my room? My room... (*To GUARD.*) Ready my carriage. We will take it out into the deep forest. While we are stopped, I will take Snow White into the wood. When I return to the carriage, we will drive off with the greatest speed, and leave her.

(The GUARD is stunned and doesn't know what to say.)

GUARD. The queen wishes to leave Snow White in the dark forest?

QUEEN. That is what I say.

GUARD. Surely the wild beasts will find her.

QUEEN. And they will soon devour her.

GUARD. I am her guard. I will stay and protect her.

QUEEN. You will leave her and drive the carriage back to the castle. Not a word of this to anyone. (*She looks at GUARD, who stands dumbfounded.*) Do you hear me, Guard?

GUARD. Yes, my lady.

NARRATOR. And so the carriage was readied, and the guard, the queen and Snow White rode out from the castle toward a vast, dark forest.

(QUEEN and GUARD exit, as the main chamber is removed and the deep forest brought on. The QUEEN's secret room remains.)

Once the chamber is removed, and while the forest is being brought on, the QUEEN and SNOW WHITE enter. SNOW WHITE moves from flower to flower, plant to plant. The QUEEN continues to move her deeper into the forest.)

NARRATOR. Once the carriage could go no farther, the queen and Snow White walked deeper into the woods.

SNOW WHITE. Must we come this far?

QUEEN. This rose grows only in the darkest part of the forest. You will know them by their deep red color and the scent of life.

SNOW WHITE. Why do you want these roses?

QUEEN. They have a mystery within them that is old: powerful. I need them for my potions. Certainly you know by now, I create potions.

(We hear a distant, barely audible growl. SNOW WHITE looks in that direction.)

SNOW WHITE. Why didn't my guard come with us?

QUEEN. Are you frightened, Snow White?

SNOW WHITE (*sings this next line*). I have never gone this far, before. (*Speaks.*) And I hear wild beasts. I think there are...bears in this wood.

(*Another distant growl, again, barely audible.*)

QUEEN. You are older now. There is much that has changed.

SNOW WHITE. What has changed?

QUEEN. You entered my room.

SNOW WHITE. I...

QUEEN. You entered my room.

SNOW WHITE. I entered...to learn what was in there. I found no monsters. I found *you*, Mother: your clothes; your books; your instruments; your potions.

QUEEN. What would you expect to find? It is my room! I have so little that is mine; and you must take it from me?

SNOW WHITE. I did not take anything. I was curious. And, I want you to be my tutor. As you saw, I understood so little at the ball—

QUEEN. You were the center of the ball! Your beauty blessed everyone. Everyone wanted to be near you.

SNOW WHITE. If you would teach me about potions, about dancing, about beauty, about how I should appear—you are so gracious among the people. And graceful in your manner with the court.

QUEEN. Yes, I will teach you.

SNOW WHITE. You will, Mother?

QUEEN. I will teach you.

SNOW WHITE. And the mirror in your room, that strange mirror, your mirror could teach me.

QUEEN. My mirror...is *my* mirror! There, the roses. There. (*Pointing to roses.*) Will you pick three of those beautiful red roses for me? .

(SNOW WHITE goes to flowers, carefully picks three, while the QUEEN looks sadly at SNOW WHITE, but then moves behind a tree, out of SNOW WHITE's vision. We see the QUEEN, however.)

SNOW WHITE (*smelling the roses*). They smell...like this deep forest. This is the scent of life? (*She turns, does not see the QUEEN.*) Mother? (*No answer.*) Mother? Where are you? (*She moves and looks for her. The QUEEN stays hidden.*) Mother! (*Unseen by SNOW WHITE, the QUEEN exits.*) Is this a game? (*No answer.*) This cannot be a game, Mother, I'm too old for hide and seek... Mother? Is this a lesson? Are you teaching me now? Please come out. (*Silence.*) I'll tell you a story! I have a wonderful new story for you, Mother, I know you love my stories! (*Silence.*) Mother! (*Silence.*) You...you left me here? (*Her hand with the flowers slowly drops to her side. Then she drops the flowers. We hear a distant, barely audible low growl. She panics.*) Guard! Which way? Guard, where are you? This way? (*She starts one way, then tries another way, then exits yet another, running away from where the QUEEN exited.*) Guard!

NARRATOR. Now Snow White was all alone in the vast, dark forest and she cried very much.

(The house of the SEVEN DWARVES is brought on. This includes at least one bed if not many, a large table with

two benches, the table set for supper. In the house there is a door and a window that opens.)

NARRATOR. She walked farther and farther into the forest. Sharp stones hurt her feet, thorns tore at her clothes and her skin. She sang her songs, and told her stories and walked deeper into the wood. Finally, just as the sun was about to set, she came to...

(SNOW WHITE enters, sees the house.)

SNOW WHITE. A house? But who lives here? *(She immediately goes to the door, opens it, and enters. She sees table.)* There is food! *(She begins eating off each plate.)* Bread...cabbage...water. *(She drinks from a cup.)* Potato... *(She eats potato.)* Water. *(She drinks.)* Bread. *(She eats.)* Oh, wine. *(Delighted, she drinks; then grimaces as it tastes sour to her.)* Augh! *(She sets it down in disgust.)* No, water. *(She drinks.)* More bread. *(She eats more bread.)* Water! *(She searches until she finds more water, drinks it. She continues to eat while she looks around.)* Who lives here? This deep in the forest... Surely they are kind—they left food and water for me... and a bed, they made a bed for me. *(She moves to bed.)* A small bed...but a bed. *(She lies on bed, covers herself, closes her eyes and goes to sleep.)*

(The SEVEN DWARVES enter. Each carries some kind of mining or forging tool or product—pick, tongs, hammer, spear, shovel, shield, ax or sword. They're dressed in breeches, boots, tunics; some have hats or scarves on

their heads, all [both male and female] have beards and mustaches. The DWARVES all speak slowly, gruffly.)

SECOND. And then he challenged me... And then the crowd challenged me...and then I challenged me.

THIRD. What happened?

FIRST. What did you do with the hot coal?

SECOND. I dropped the hot coal down the back of his breeches. *(They laugh.)* He danced then. Like he was on fire. *(SECOND shows them.)* Ya-ya-ya. *(They laugh and dance.)*

FIRST & SIXTH. Dance! Dance! *(They stop dancing, their laughter dies out.)*

FIRST. Whose turn is it to cook the meal?

SIXTH. I cooked yesterday.

FIFTH. And I the day before.

SEVENTH. It is your turn to cook the meal.

FOURTH. So it is. *(DWARVES groan and grumble.)* I will cook gruel.

(DWARVES groan and grumble louder.)

THIRD. But your cooking, it would kill a boar.

SECOND. Not even a pig could eat your gruel.

SEVENTH. Not even a pig.

(All agree, even FOURTH.)

DWARVES *(not in unison, variously, quietly)*. No, not even a pig, this is true, cough it up, run away, pig is smarter than that, etc.

SECOND. I'd rather eat a bucket of muck.

FIFTH. I could make a shoe out of your gruel.

FIRST. I'll cook the meal.

DWARVES (*pound their tools on the ground and give a guttural cheer*). Yaaaa.

(They all begin to move toward their house. FIRST holds up its hand, stops the rest. All quiet down. FIRST sniffs the air, the others sniff the air. FIRST points to open door. SECOND and THIRD move to the front as they carry a spear and a sword. FOURTH moves in front of them, carrying a shield.

As a group they move toward the door. They all then move quietly inside, moving to the table.)

SIXTH. Who's been eating from my plate?

SEVENTH. Who ate my cabbage?

FIRST. Who drank my wine?

(With its spear, SECOND indicates SNOW WHITE in the bed, asleep. Again they move as one, shield first, then spear and sword. They move up to her, stop.)

FIFTH. She's asleep.

THIRD. She's pretty.

FIRST. She ate our food!

SECOND. She's pretty.

FOURTH. Pretty don't mean she's not a thief!

FIRST. Pretty don't mean she's not a witch!

FOURTH (*who is behind shield and doesn't see SNOW WHITE*). Kill it!

(They all raise their tools to strike her.)

SIXTH. Wait! *(They stop.)* She looks friendly.

FIFTH. She looks young.

THIRD. She doesn't smell like a witch.

SECOND. She smells like a rose.

SEVENTH. Yes, a rose.

FOURTH. She stole into our house!

SECOND. I don't care. Do you care?

THIRD. I don't care. Do you care?

SEVENTH. No, I don't care. Do you care?

FOURTH. No, I don't— Yes, I care, kill it!

(They all raise their tools to strike her.)

FIFTH. Wait! *(They stop.)* Look at her.

FOURTH *(peers over shield)*. She's pretty.

FIRST. Wake-it-up.

(All take a deep breath, then shout and pound their tools at once. SNOW WHITE awakes with a start, becomes more horrified each instant as she sees what is happening.)

SNOW WHITE. Ah! *(Covers her face with a blanket.)*

DWARVES *(jumping back)*. Ah!

SNOW WHITE *(looks out)*. Ah! *(Covers her face.)*

DWARVES *(jumping back)*. Ah!

SNOW WHITE *(looks out)*. Ah!

DWARVES *(jump toward her aggressively, pointing their tools at her)*. Hah!

SNOW WHITE (*covers her face. From under blanket*).

Please do not hurt me! I will do you no harm! Please—
please, I... (*She slowly peers over blanket.*) Dwarves?
Dwarves!

FOURTH. Who are you?

FIRST. How did you come to our house?

FIFTH. Why are you pretty?

FIRST, SIXTH & SEVENTH. Why are you pretty?

SNOW WHITE. I am Snow White. The queen, my mother,
left me alone in the forest and drove away. I walked and
walked until I came upon your home. I ate and found
this bed and fell asleep.

SECOND. The queen...

THIRD. Where is your father, the king?

SNOW WHITE. He went to war to fight against the
French.

THIRD. With our battle-sword and shield.

SEVENTH. We made his armaments.

FOURTH. Our shield saved his life.

SECOND. She cannot go home.

THIRD. The queen will do the same. Or worse.

FIFTH. She may stay with us.

ALL DWARVES Yes. Stay. With us. Has to stay. Mustn't
go back. Can't go back. She stays. She can—

SECOND. —sleep in your bed.

(Beat. They all look at SEVENTH.)

SEVENTH. Will you stay with us? You may sleep in my
bed. Tonight. Then, the other beds, on other nights.

FIRST. If you will cook for us, then you can stay with us,
and you shall have everything you want.

SNOW WHITE. I will have to learn cooking—and I will clean for you—if you teach me.

FIRST. We will teach you.

SNOW WHITE. And will one of you stay with me during the day as my guard?

FIRST. We must work in the mine.

SNOW WHITE. But surely (*sings this next line*) one of you (*spoken*) can stay and guard me while the others work in the mine.

SEVENTH. She must be alone, and do her work.

FIRST. You must learn to be alone and do your work.

FOURTH. But she can't wear these royal clothes.

SEVENTH. We will give you clothes of the forest, so the queen will not hear of you.

SNOW WHITE (*delighted*). I will be in disguise!

FIRST. And you must not let anyone into the house.

SIXTH. Yes, let no one in the door.

NARRATOR. And so Snow White stayed with the seven dwarves in their home. (*The DWARVES and SNOW WHITE exit.*) Time passed. And for that time, the queen thought she was again the most beautiful woman in the land.

(*The QUEEN enters her secret room, moves to MIRROR.*)

NARRATOR. She was so confident that she did not speak to the mirror for two years. But one morning:

QUEEN. Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,
Who in this land is fairest of all?

MIRROR. You, my queen, are fair; it is true.

But Snow White is a thousand times fairer than you.

QUEEN. Snow White? Alive? But how could—

MIRROR. Alive, with the seven dwarves, in the deep wood.

QUEEN. The dwarves? They must have found her and protected her... Let her stay there, unseen by anyone in our court, unseen by the king. *(She looks at MIRROR.)*

MIRROR. At court your beauty is seen by all

But Snow White is still the Princess of the Ball.

QUEEN. But the king may find her. The dwarves forge his swords and spears. I must see her again. But the dwarves will know me... *(a plan occurs to her)* they will not know me.

(Throughout the following she will transform herself into the old peddler woman. In view of the audience, while the following scene transpires, she will exchange her clothes, wig herself, gather her props, etc. When she is finished, she will exit and await her entrance into her next scene.)

NARRATOR *(enters)*. In the forest Snow White grew older and learned much about cooking and cleaning from the dwarves. One of her daily tasks—which she came to enjoy—was to walk to the river and get water for cooking and drinking. One day,

(SNOW WHITE enters clearing, carrying a jug of water. She now appears to be 16 or 17 years old and is dressed in forest clothes.)

NARRATOR. as Snow White walked back from the river...

(PRINCE ROLAND awkwardly flies onto stage and falls—as if he were thrown—sword in hand. Seeing him, SNOW WHITE ducks behind a tree.

As ROLAND rights himself, FREDERICK [his tutor]—older and a better swordsman, also carrying a sword—enters, chasing after him. In the intensity of the fight, neither has seen SNOW WHITE.

FREDERICK raises his sword high and, with a loud cry, chops at ROLAND. ROLAND parries the blow, uses the momentum to swing around and strike a blow himself. But FREDERICK blocks that and, at the prince's next attempt, kicks him in the knee. ROLAND goes down on one knee, then FREDERICK pushes him back.

They face off. ROLAND tries a series of blows, FREDERICK blocks them all. FREDERICK tries a couple himself, and ROLAND, although he backs up, blocks them.)

ROLAND. I have improved, haven't I, Frederick?

FREDERICK. Yes, my prince. Your practice is improving your footwork and your attacks.

ROLAND. I almost had you that time.

FREDERICK. My prince, never underestimate your opponent. Come, try again.

(ROLAND attacks FREDERICK again.

They exchange a series of blows, each successfully parried or blocked.)

FREDERICK (*cont'd*). Do not leave yourself open...that is better...stay on your feet...stay balanced on your feet...and when you are ready...come then.

(*ROLAND attacks, FREDERICK parries blow, uses ROLAND's momentum against him by swinging around and elbowing ROLAND in the back. ROLAND stops the fight, holds his back.*)

ROLAND. Excellent move, Frederick. You used my momentum against me. That will not work again.

FREDERICK. Yes, my lord.

ROLAND. So tell me, honest Frederick, am I ready?

FREDERICK. Ready, my lord?

ROLAND. To battle the French with the rest of our soldiers.

FREDERICK. More practice is needed, my prince. You need to be fully trained. Because you are the prince, the French will seek you out and show you no mercy.

(*ROLAND has spied someone—SNOW WHITE—hiding behind a tree, watching them. He now indicates to FREDERICK there is someone there. SNOW WHITE ducks farther behind tree. ROLAND motions toward SNOW WHITE; FREDERICK understands. As they talk, ROLAND and FREDERICK move up to tree.*)

ROLAND. But are the French such strong fighters? I hear they turn and run at the first indication of serious combat.

FREDERICK. If that were so, my lord, we should have defeated them long ago.

ROLAND. But surely it is true that they would rather sneak and hide and spy rather than step out and face an opponent, thus! *(He takes SNOW WHITE by the arm, pulls her from behind the tree, tosses her out into the open where both he and FREDERICK raise their sword to her.)* Hah! Who are you, what do you want?! Are you an agent of the French?

(FREDERICK immediately lowers his sword; ROLAND does not.)

For a moment ROLAND and SNOW WHITE take each other in.

SNOW WHITE doesn't know what to do; she sees the sword and recoils.)

ROLAND *(cont'd)*. Ah. A forest...lady. Forgive me, I thought— *(SNOW WHITE screams and runs off.)* Wait. Wait, I have to apologize for attacking you. I did not know... Wait!

FREDERICK *(laughs)*. Your technique with ladies, my lord.

ROLAND. Yes?

FREDERICK. You are better at swordplay.

ROLAND. She is a wild-looking thing. Like the forest itself. She said nothing. Do you think she can speak a language?

FREDERICK. She spoke, my lord. Did you not understand the language of screaming?

ROLAND. You mean to say I frightened her.

FREDERICK. I mean to say she saw you, screamed, and ran away. That is a language even I understand.

ROLAND. I see.

FREDERICK. Perhaps she saw your sword pointed at her throat.

ROLAND. Ah, I may have appeared...threatening.

FREDERICK. You may have.

ROLAND. We will come again tomorrow. Perhaps she will return and I will offer my apology. *(They begin to exit.)*

FREDERICK. Between now and then, you must work on the speed of your attack. You seem to hesitate, leaving yourself open for your enemy.

ROLAND. I opened myself as a ruse, to lure you in.

FREDERICK. A ruse that would cost you your life.

(They are off. After a moment, SNOW WHITE reenters, moves quickly to the house of the DWARVES.)

SNOW WHITE. Why was I afraid? Why would I greet that boy by screaming! He meant me no harm. *(She shuts door, begins to pour water into the glasses for the DWARVES.)* He had a sword in his hand! And he was shouting and growling at me. He called me French! *(She groans.)* I must appear to be a creature from a cave. *(She tries to look at herself in a pewter plate or cup.)* Look at me. *(She tries to adjust her dress but gives up.)* Oh. *(She puts cup down.)* He must be some prince. From a neighboring kingdom. Perhaps he will return to that clearing, tomorrow.

(The QUEEN enters, disguised as a peddler woman, moving to house.)

QUEEN. Pretty things to sell, very cheap, very pretty.
Pretty things to sell.

SNOW WHITE (*out window*). Good day, good woman.

QUEEN. Ah. A customer... (*She draws a sharp breath, having seen SNOW WHITE up close, seeing how she has aged into a young woman.*) You...are a lovely young one, are you not?

SNOW WHITE. Why have you entered this deep into the wood?

QUEEN. I have heard a girl lived here, and I have pretty things to sell.

SNOW WHITE. I am not allowed to let anyone in this house.

QUEEN. Oh, dear child, look at what beautiful laces I have for you. Stay laces of all colors, braided with yellow, red and blue silk. And you can have them cheaply. (*Showing her.*)

SNOW WHITE. What a pretty bodice.

QUEEN. And what a fright you look. Are you a lady, or a bear?

SNOW WHITE. A bear?

QUEEN. These lovely laces will make your figure attractive to anyone who may see you.

SNOW WHITE. What harm could there be in talking to you; since I can make a good bargain. (*She opens door, the QUEEN enters the house.*)

QUEEN. Thank you, my child. Now, what may I show you?

SNOW WHITE. The bodice with the pretty laces.

QUEEN. Of course. Come, I will lace you properly for once, and then we will discuss the price. But it will be a fair price for you to pay. (*SNOW WHITE moves to*

QUEEN.) Stand here... (*SNOW WHITE* does. Then she raises her arms, and the *QUEEN* puts the bodice around her. As she begins to tie the laces:.) Ah, child, you are fair. Hair black as crows, white skin, red cheeks...who would not want to look upon you. (*As the QUEEN tightens the laces.*)

SNOW WHITE. That is...that is tight.

QUEEN. It needs to be as tight as we can make it so the world can see your figure. The tighter and smaller and thinner you are, the more beautiful you will appear.

SNOW WHITE. But, I cannot—

QUEEN. You want to look beautiful—

SNOW WHITE. I cannot breathe—

QUEEN. Just a moment more, a little tighter.

SNOW WHITE. I cannot breathe. Please, loosen...loosen the laces...

QUEEN. Tighter, smaller, thinner, prettier.

SNOW WHITE. No! (*She pulls away, tries desperately to untie the laces. The QUEEN goes to tie them tighter.*)

QUEEN. Tighter, smaller, thinner, prettier—

(SNOW WHITE hits the QUEEN's hands away, moves from her again.)

SNOW WHITE. No, loosen...loo...I... (*She can no longer find the breath to speak, but gasps, becoming faint.*)

QUEEN (*ties one more lace*). One more lace and we are finished. You are finished—

(Slowly SNOW WHITE goes to her knees, unable to breathe. She looks up to QUEEN, who straightens up,

pulls off her scarf [and wig if used], dropping the attitude of the peddler woman.)

QUEEN (*cont'd*). —my child.

(SNOW WHITE recognizes her, tries to say something to her.)

SNOW WHITE (*raspy, but audible*). Mother... *(She slowly goes to the ground, then lies still as if she is dead.)*

QUEEN (*kneeling, sadly touching SNOW WHITE's cheek*). And that is the price you must pay...my child. *(She hears the DWARVES coming, rises, picks up her basket, and exits.)*

(The stage is motionless for a moment, then the DWARVES enter, returning from the mines.)

SIXTH. I hope it's gruel. I love gruel.

SECOND. The way she makes it.

SIXTH. I love gruel, the way she makes it.

THIRD & FOURTH. I love gruel, the way she makes it.

THIRD. I don't smell gruel.

SECOND. I don't smell anything...except us.

FIRST. She's not cooking? *(They open door, see her on the floor.)* Look!

(SECOND, THIRD and FOURTH DWARVES—spear, sword and shield—immediately move into a defensive position. FIFTH, SIXTH and SEVENTH surround SNOW WHITE and FIRST kneels to her. He pushes her, she doesn't move. He pushes her again.)

FIRST (*cont'd*). Snow White. (*She's not moving.*) Snow—
(*he pushes her harder*) White. (*He puts his head near her.*) Not breathing.

(*The DWARVES all moan in frustration and sadness.*)

DWARVES. Oh...

SEVENTH. What is that?

FIFTH. She wears something.

SIXTH. It's pretty.

FIRST. Who gave it to her? (*Silence, as they all look around.*) Where did she get it? (*Silence, as they listen for an answer.*)

FIFTH. Looks royal.

FOURTH. Royal?

SECOND. Like the queen?

SEVENTH. Looks tight.

FIRST. Royal and tight.

THIRD. Take it off.

(*FIRST unties the laces, removes the bodice. SNOW WHITE begins to breathe.*)

FIRST. She's breathing.

SIXTH. She's breathing!

(*The DWARVES all nod and growl.*)

DWARVES. Ahhh. She's breathing. Breathing again.
Broke the spell. She's breathing.

FIRST. Snow White. Snow White!

SNOW WHITE. Oh, that was so tight. What happened?

FIRST. Who gave you that lace?

SNOW WHITE. An old peddler woman. She said it would help me look beautiful. She put it around me and pulled it tight.

THIRD. The queen.

SECOND, FOURTH & SEVENTH. The queen.

SNOW WHITE. She *was* my mother?

FIFTH. Disguised as a peddler woman.

SECOND. Knows what you want.

SIXTH. Fooled you.

SNOW WHITE. Mother... *(She moves away from the DWARVES, tries to take this in. The DWARVES watch her grieve. After a moment:)* She seemed so kind. And I was to make a bargain with her.

FIRST. You must not let anyone into the house.

SNOW WHITE. So kind and helpful...such a pretty bodice...Mother...

FIRST *(moves to her, followed by the other DWARVES)*. Why do you want lace?

SECOND. You're pretty.

THIRD. Prettier than lace. Don't need lace. Lace is not that pretty. Not as pretty as you.

DWARVES. No. Not as pretty. Not as you. Nope. Not lace. Gruel isn't pretty.

SIXTH. Gruel is good!

FOURTH. You going to make some gruel now?

SEVENTH. We love gruel the way you make it.

SNOW WHITE. Gruel, yes, gruel it will be, for my dwarves.

DWARVES *(patting their stomachs, nodding heads, etc., in low, quiet voices)*. Mmmm, gruel, yes, the way she makes it, mmm, more gruel, love gruel.

SIXTH. I could eat a bucket of gruel.

SIXTH & SEVENTH. A bucket of gruel.

NARRATOR. And so Snow White stayed longer with the dwarves in the forest. There she continued to learn to cook and clean for them. (*SNOW WHITE and the DWARVES exit.*) The queen thought she was again the most beautiful woman in the land. Then one day:

(The QUEEN enters her secret room, moves to MIRROR.)

QUEEN. Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,
Who shall we say is loveliest of all?
Speak the truth, so I can hear,
Who is the fairest, far or near?

MIRROR. You, my queen, are fair, we all know,
But Snow White's beauty continues to grow.

QUEEN. Still alive? But how could...?

MIRROR. With the seven dwarves, deep in the wood.

QUEEN. I left her on the floor! She wasn't breathing! The dwarves must have found her... Then I will see her again. But she saw I was the peddler woman.

MIRROR. She saw who you are.

QUEEN. This time...

(Throughout the following she will transform herself into a man—a male peddler. In view of the audience, while the following scene transpires, she will exchange her clothes, put on facial hair, wig herself, etc. When she is finished, she will exit and await her entrance into her next scene.)

NARRATOR. That same day, near the home of the seven dwarves, as Snow White walked home from the river with water...

(ROLAND enters quietly, sword in hand, looks back, hides behind a tree. FREDERICK enters, stalking him. He checks behind a tree, then runs at another. ROLAND moves to another tree. FREDERICK is at a loss.

With a cry, ROLAND leaps out, swings at him, FREDERICK parries. ROLAND attacks, quicker this time, spins FREDERICK around, swats him in the rear end with his sword. ROLAND laughs as FREDERICK rubs his bottom, then lunges at ROLAND.

ROLAND succeeds in knocking the sword out of FREDERICK's hand and overcoming him. ROLAND holds his sword at FREDERICK's chest.)

ROLAND. Do not move, or upon my word, I will kill you.

FREDERICK. *Touché*, as the French would now say.

ROLAND *(as he retrieves FREDERICK's sword and gives it to him)*. And I say, that is the second time today I have defeated you, Frederick. I am ready to fight the French.

FREDERICK. I will agree, and we will order your battle-sword from the dwarves tomorrow, if you will defeat me once more today.

(SNOW WHITE appears with water jug, watches them, unseen.)

ROLAND (*surprised by the offer*). Just once more?
Agreed!

FREDERICK. But only if you defeat me again.

ROLAND. You will find me a stronger opponent than you ever have.

FREDERICK. May I have your permission, then, my lord, to fight like an enemy soldier?

ROLAND. You have my permission to do whatever you need to defeat me. But you will not.

FREDERICK. As you wish, my lord. I am ready.

ROLAND. And so am I. (*They face off and begin.*

ROLAND attacks FREDERICK, but FREDERICK defends well and turns the fight back on ROLAND.

ROLAND defends. They back off, and face off again.)

You see, Frederick? I know your tricks; yet, you do not know all of mine. (*ROLAND lunges, FREDERICK parries, ROLAND lunges again, FREDERICK spins and knees ROLAND in the stomach, ROLAND folds up. FREDERICK clubs ROLAND on the back, knocking him to his knees, then pushes him all the way down with his foot. FREDERICK chases after him, but ROLAND scrambles away.*) I see I was mistaken. But let us see what you will do with this. (*He attacks, then FREDERICK counterattacks and, deliberately, slices ROLAND's upper arm.*) Ah!

(FREDERICK continues to attack, disarming ROLAND, putting his boot in ROLAND's chest, shoving him down and holding his sword to ROLAND's throat.)

FREDERICK. Surrender, *monsieur*, or I will run you through.

ROLAND. Surrender. (*FREDERICK withdraws his sword, ROLAND holds his arm, sits up.*)

FREDERICK. When it is your time, we will ask the dwarves to make your battle-sword. Until then, we will continue your lessons.

ROLAND. I hesitated, when you cut my arm. (*He removes his hand from his arm, we clearly see he is bleeding.*)

FREDERICK. You cannot let sudden pain or the sight of your blood, or blood you have drawn, make you hesitate. You must continue to fight with whatever limbs and strength you still have.

(*SNOW WHITE moves to ROLAND.*)

ROLAND. Hello, Forest Lady.

(*SNOW WHITE sets down her jug of water. She takes his hand away from his wound, looks at it. Her knees almost buckle. She quietly groans and, for a moment, turns away. She turns back, determined to dress his wound.*)

FREDERICK. His wound is not deep. I have bandages in—

ROLAND. Frederick! Stand away. (*FREDERICK takes a step away.*) Stand away, brute! (*He moves farther off. To SNOW WHITE:*) He nearly cut off my arm. It is painful; so painful. And look at it! I bleed to death! (*She rips off a part of her dress, dips it in her water and, although she is anxious, cleans the wound.*) Ah, that is soothing. You have a gentle touch. (*She begins to speak to him, stops herself.*) I am Roland.

FREDERICK. Prince Roland, heir to the throne. And I am Frederick, his tutor.

ROLAND. Who will speak no more unless commanded to do so.

FREDERICK (*with a slight bow of acceptance*). Forgive me, my lord.

ROLAND (*to SNOW WHITE, who tears off another piece of her dress and carefully ties it around the wound*).

You may continue. (*He watches her.*) Do you...speak?

SNOW WHITE. You needn't fear the sight of blood, my lord. It colors your handsome face; it is life itself.

ROLAND. Oh.

SNOW WHITE. As Frederick has said, I do not think your wound is deep. Your arm will remain attached to your shoulder. It will heal quickly if you keep it clean and apply ointment. Which, I am sorry to say, I do not have here.

ROLAND (*sniffs her; her scent is obviously intoxicating*).

You are scented...like a rose; a wild forest rose. Were you given a name?

SNOW WHITE. I was, my lord.

ROLAND. What is it?

SNOW WHITE. No, my lord.

ROLAND. No?

SNOW WHITE. No.

ROLAND. I am the prince and I command you to tell me your name. (*She jerks the bandage with a sharp tug, laughs.*) Ah!

SNOW WHITE. You are funny, Prince Roland. Frederick, perhaps you could teach the prince manners as well as swordplay.

FREDERICK. May I speak?

ROLAND. No!

FREDERICK. If you need instruction, my lord, you may call on me.

ROLAND. Dear lady, I commanded you and you laugh?

SNOW WHITE (*has finished, picks up her jug, begins to leave*). I often laugh at silly things. Change the bandage as soon as possible.

ROLAND. How have you come into this forest? Where do you live? In some cave? Who are your people? Where have you learned to bandage wounds?

SNOW WHITE. Please do not follow me. But...tomorrow, at this time, I may pass by here again...my lord. (*She curtsies gracefully to ROLAND.*)

ROLAND (*nodding to her*). Lady...whoever.

SNOW WHITE (*as she passes FREDERICK*). Frederick.

FREDERICK. Lady, of the forest. (*She exits.*)

ROLAND. Her skin...white as snow, her cheeks are red; and that hair, black as night. And the way she touched my arm...

FREDERICK. There is a mystery to her. She does not speak like a forest person; but a lady of the court. And the way she curtsied... (*He imitates her.*)

ROLAND. Yet, I commanded her, and she refused to obey.

FREDERICK. Hah. That was a pleasure to see. And perhaps I should speak to you about commanding women.

ROLAND. Who is she? Have you sent her to me?

FREDERICK. My lord, I do not know her. Chance has sent her to you.

ROLAND. Then I will not allow chance to take her from me.

FREDERICK. Will we return tomorrow?

(ROLAND smiles, and laughs, and punches FREDER-ICK, who then swats him back—on his wound.)

ROLAND. Ah!

(They exit.

SNOW WHITE enters, crossing into the house.)

SNOW WHITE. "Forest lady." "Do you live in a cave?" That is how I must appear to him. *(She enters house.)* There is not even a mirror in this house that I may see what I look like. *(She takes out plates and slams them down hard, one by one on the table.)* And then: "I am Prince Roland and I command you to tell me your name." He is the heir to the throne in some kingdom. And what did I do? I laughed. Ha ha ha. *(Now she genuinely laughs again.)* And I would laugh again. "I command you..." *(She picks up a loaf of bread, breaks pieces off, sets them in the bowls during the following.)* My dwarves advise me. They care for me and comfort me. We live kindly together. Yet they leave me every day—in trust. They rely on my judgment. They do not command me!

(She begins to pour water into each mug. The QUEEN enters disguised as a male peddler.)

SNOW WHITE *(cont'd)*. I enjoy caring for them. We are...partners; a family.

QUEEN. Brushes, combs, cream, rouge—items for the ladies, all for sale. Beauty, beauty is what I carry. I'll sell beauty to you.

SNOW WHITE (*opens window, looks out*). Good day, sir.

QUEEN. Ah, there's a young one. And a pretty one, too, but rough and wild. You need my help, young one. I have what you want.

SNOW WHITE. What do you have?

QUEEN. Open your door and I will show you.

SNOW WHITE. I am not allowed to let anyone in.

QUEEN. Then let me show you an example of what I have. Ah, here, this is what you need: A comb...covered in jewels... (*She holds it up; it is jeweled and beautiful.*) To comb your wild hair, to shape it into the hair of a beautiful lady. And then you may wear the comb in your hair to sparkle and enchant all that look on you. The men will have to stare. Look; it glistens.

SNOW WHITE. This man is a stranger. What harm could there be in buying a comb from a man whom I've never met and do not know. Wait there. (*She closes the window. Then she comes out to the QUEEN.*) You see? I have not let you in; I have come out.

QUEEN. What a clever, mischievous girl.

SNOW WHITE. Show me your comb. (*QUEEN hands it to her. She is awed by it, holding it up to the light, charmed by the sparkle.*) Jewels...beautiful jewels...red jewels...you may not believe this, but when I was a child, I wore jewels.

QUEEN. Come, let me comb your hair. (*She takes comb from her, begins to comb her hair. As she does, SNOW WHITE becomes dizzy.*) Snarls...snags... Child, you're like the forest itself! You let your hair grow wild. But, once it is combed; that is different. It shines. You see? You have strong, beautiful black hair, child. This hair could have only come from a beautiful mother.

(The QUEEN entangles the comb in SNOW WHITE's hair. SNOW WHITE tries to pull the QUEEN's hand away, but the QUEEN holds on. SNOW WHITE then struggles harder, pulls the QUEEN's hands away from her. SNOW WHITE tries to pull the comb from her hair.

She becomes dizzy and more frantic, trying to pull out the comb, but she cannot. SNOW WHITE slowly falls to the ground, as if she were dead. The QUEEN kneels, runs SNOW WHITE's hair through her fingers. Sadly, fondly:)

QUEEN (*cont'd*). Hair, black as ebony wood...

(The QUEEN hears the DWARVES coming, exits. The DWARVES enter, see SNOW WHITE on the ground.)

THIRD. Look!

(SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH form a perimeter around the others as they move to SNOW WHITE.)

FIRST. Snow White? Snow White!

FIFTH. There! In her hair!

FOURTH. What is it?

SEVENTH. A comb.

FIFTH. Jeweled comb.

SECOND. Jewels? Royal jewels?

SEVENTH. It's pretty.

SIXTH. It's the queen's comb.

FOURTH. Don't touch it! It's poison.

SECOND, FIFTH & SEVENTH. It's poison.

THIRD. The queen has poisoned it.

FIRST (*takes off his bandana, takes hold of comb*). It's tangled...

FIFTH. Here. (*FIFTH helps untangle it. FIRST carefully pulls it out.*)

FIRST. It's out.

SECOND. Well?

FIRST. Nothing. (*SNOW WHITE begins to move.*) She's moving.

FIFTH. Her eyes are opening.

SEVENTH. She's breathing.

(The DWARVES all sigh.)

DWARVES. Aaahhhh. She's moving. She's moving. She's breathing.

SNOW WHITE. My dwarves...I am on the ground again? What happened?

FIRST. The queen, you saw the queen.

SNOW WHITE. I saw a man, a peddler. He gave me a comb. He combed my hair.

THIRD. The queen.

SNOW WHITE. He was my mother?

FIRST. Put this poison comb in your hair.

SEVENTH. You were gone, if we didn't take it out.

SNOW WHITE (*moves away*). My mother again? (*This realization deepens in her.*) No... (*Silence.*)

THIRD. She comes only when you are alone.

FIRST. If you let yourself be fooled one more time by her, we cannot help you.

SECOND. Not one more time

THIRD. Or all will be different.

SNOW WHITE. I will not let anyone in the house, nor will I go out to anyone. That I promise.

(The DWARVES help her into the house and exit. Lights fade on them, up on the QUEEN's secret room as she enters.)

QUEEN combs her hair, removes any aspects still left of her disguise, puts on a royal robe, moves to MIRROR, poses.)

QUEEN. Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,

Who in this land is fairest of all?

MIRROR. You, my queen, are fair; it is true.

But Snow White with the seven dwarfs

Is still a thousand times fairer than you.

QUEEN. Ah! Back to life! What must I do?

MIRROR. Go to her again, and she will know you.

QUEEN. How will I fool her again?... With something she truly desires; something the dwarves cannot see or understand. *(She moves to shelf, reverentially removes a box. She opens it, carefully takes out a large apple. One half is white, the other a deep red.)* An apple...and this time, the dwarves will not be able to help you.

(She transforms herself into a Gypsy peasant woman during the following, and when she is finished, she exits.)

Lights up on the forest clearing. FREDERICK slowly backs in, sword ready. ROLAND comes at him with a series of blows, then they separate. They're both serious in their sparring.)

ROLAND. Come, Frederick, you have my permission to fight freely.

FREDERICK. I am, my lord. You are stronger today.

ROLAND. Today, and from here on.

(ROLAND attacks again, FREDERICK blocks and parries all blows but is clearly getting tired. Suddenly FREDERICK attacks, but this time, ROLAND is ready, parries blow, then kicks FREDERICK, elbows him, and tosses him. FREDERICK recovers.)

FREDERICK. Enough, my lord.

ROLAND. No one has won. *(He attacks relentlessly. FREDERICK defends, backs up, finally gives up.)*

FREDERICK. But now your tutor needs rest.

ROLAND. Very well.

FREDERICK *(backing away, dropping his sword)*. You have learned, my lord, much in these past days.

ROLAND. You are an excellent teacher.

FREDERICK. I believe it is time the dwarves forged your battle-sword. When they have finished it, you will be ready to join the fight against the French.

ROLAND. Ah, thank you, Frederick. How long will the dwarves need to forge the sword?

FREDERICK. They will begin immediately, and they are skilled artisans, but such a worthy weapon as your battle-sword will take, perhaps, a month.

ROLAND. A month?

FREDERICK. And while you wait, my lord, with your permission, I will offer you instruction with the forest lady.

ROLAND. If she comes today, I will be alone with her.

FREDERICK. Of course, my lord.

ROLAND. And I will find out who she is.

FREDERICK. But may I suggest we practice, as we do in swordplay, speaking to her?

ROLAND. What do you mean?

FREDERICK. I mean, we will practice. Let us say, I am you, and you are her.

ROLAND. I am her?... I am her?!

FREDERICK. When you are alone, say this to her, in this manner: Dear Forest Lady, *(He bows deeply to ROLAND. ROLAND is uncomfortable in this role.)* I will be going to war, soon, and I fear I may be mortally wounded by the French. *(He kneels.)* Please let me have the honor of dying with your name upon my lips.

ROLAND *(flatly)*. Oh, Roland. That is sad. My name is...Appleblossom. *(As himself.)* This will not work on her! She will see it is a device to learn her name.

FREDERICK *(rising)*. I have often used this successfully with the ladies. It will bring her to tears. And now, my lord, you are you and I am her.

ROLAND. You are her, and I... Dear Forest Lady, *(Bow-ing as FREDERICK did.)*

FREDERICK *(as SNOW WHITE)*. Speak, my lord, I love to hear your sweet voice.

ROLAND *(needs a moment to recover from seeing FREDERICK as SNOW WHITE, then bows again)*. My dear Forest Lady,

FREDERICK *(as SNOW WHITE)*. I fear you are about to deliver terrible news. *(Fanning himself.)* Oh, my heart.

ROLAND. Tell me who you are or I'll cut off your ears!

FREDERICK. My lord!

ROLAND. I cannot say this to you, Frederick. You make an ugly forest lady.

FREDERICK. Once more.

ROLAND (*halfheartedly*). I will be going to war, soon, and I fear I may be mortally wounded by the French. (*Kneeling.*) Please let me have the honor of dying with your name upon my lips.

FREDERICK (*as SNOW WHITE*). Oh, Roland, (*he sits on ROLAND's knee*) my name, my heart, my life, I'll tell you all! (*He smiles fondly at ROLAND.*) My name is Appleblossom!

ROLAND (*pushes him off his knee and onto the ground*). You do not know this lady.

FREDERICK. Use it, my lord, and it will bring her to tears.

(*SNOW WHITE runs on. She has a large, red forest rose in her hair.*)

ROLAND. Ah, she is here. Frederick... (*He motions for FREDERICK to leave.*)

FREDERICK. Better luck, my lord, I hope she does not run off screaming again. Forest Lady.

SNOW WHITE. Good day, Frederick. (*He exits.*)

ROLAND. My arm is healing quickly. You make a fine physician.

SNOW WHITE. They teach us many skills, in the caves.

ROLAND. I have never met anyone like you, but I am sure you do not live in a cave. You are very like that forest rose in your hair. Wild...mysterious... Surely you are a lady of some court, banished; or in hiding. And you are in danger or you would tell me who you are. But if you tell me, I will be able to protect you. (*She sets down her water jug.*) Else, you are a witch; and mean me harm. (*She slowly moves to him.*) Yes?

SNOW WHITE (*suddenly lurching at him*). Hah! (*He jumps back. She laughs.*) You are...tall.

ROLAND. And you are...who, exactly?

SNOW WHITE. Is my name that important?

ROLAND. Not your name but who you are.

SNOW WHITE. You cannot see who I am? (*She takes his sword out of its sheath, looks at it.*)

ROLAND. But I have heard that witches sometimes wear roses in their hair and are pretty to look on.

SNOW WHITE. This sword...is not well constructed.

ROLAND. I see you know something of weapons.

SNOW WHITE. I know something of metals and how swords are created.

ROLAND. The dwarves will forge my battle-sword. (*SNOW WHITE points his sword at him. Then she advances on him, puts sword point to his "heart."*) Are you a witch?

SNOW WHITE. Witch? (*She pokes him with sword; it stings.*)

ROLAND. Ah. I see you are French.

SNOW WHITE. What, are you going to scream and run away?

ROLAND (*prepares, then*). Dear Forest Lady, (*As per his instruction, he bows deeply. As sincere as he can be.*) I will be going to war, soon, and I fear I may be mortally wounded. (*He kneels.*) Please let me have the honor of dying with your name upon my lips.

SNOW WHITE (*seriously*). Oh, Prince, you are so... (*She bursts out laughing.*) Funny! Who told you to say that?

ROLAND. Frederick.

SNOW WHITE. Did he read it in some book?

ROLAND. He said it would bring you to tears.

SNOW WHITE. Tears of laughter. "Let me have the honor of dying with your name upon my lips." *(She laughs again.)* "Oh, my lord, no! Please don't go to war! *(Fanning herself.)* My heart, my life, I will die with you! *(She runs to him, embraces him wildly.)* I will tell you everything if you will stay!" *(She laughs.)* This is from some Italian comedy on the stage.

ROLAND. I shall have Frederick whipped every day for a month.

SNOW WHITE *(handing him back his sword)*. If you have something to say to me, Roland, speak in your voice.

ROLAND. In a week, I will no longer be able to meet you here; I will go to battle. So you see, I must know who you are.

SNOW WHITE. This is who I am. *(She kisses his cheek. Then she runs, picks up her jug.)* I will come by tomorrow. If you are here, I will tell you my name. I will tell you all. *(SNOW WHITE exits. ROLAND watches her go.)*

ROLAND. Tomorrow...Appleblossom. *(He exits.)*

(SNOW WHITE steps back out and walks to the house.)

SNOW WHITE. Tonight I will tell the dwarves about you, Prince. Tomorrow I will tell you about the dwarves; and my mother.

(The QUEEN enters as the Gypsy peasant woman, carrying a basket of apples. SNOW WHITE sees her, runs into house, shuts door.)

QUEEN. Madam, this is your day, I have here— Madam. Madam?

SNOW WHITE (*through the closed window and door*). I am not allowed to let anyone in.

QUEEN. Oh, dear lady, I don't have to come in. I am only selling these apples, and I will give you one to taste.

SNOW WHITE. I cannot accept anything.

QUEEN (*setting down her basket wearily*). I see, dear lady, of course, and you are right, I understand.

SNOW WHITE. I cannot speak to anyone. Please go away.

QUEEN. Ah, what a day, what a week, what a month. Here I carry the sweetest apples anyone has ever tasted, yet I can't find a soul to buy them. And this apple: white as snow on one side, and red as blood on the other. Dear lady, do you see this? (*SNOW WHITE opens window a little so she can see.*) White as snow, red as blood. The red is the sweetest.

SNOW WHITE. But I cannot accept anything from you.

QUEEN. If you are afraid, then I will take a bite out of it myself. (*She holds it to her mouth.*) I will eat the white side. (*She bites it.*) Mmmn. Never was there a sweeter apple than this. Here, you eat the half with the beautiful red cheek. (*Places the apple on the sill of the window.*) It suits the rose in your hair; the red in your beautiful young lips. Dear young lady, I have left it for you. (*The QUEEN exits.*)

(SNOW WHITE comes out of the house, looks to see if the Gypsy woman is gone. She returns to the apple, stares at it. She picks it up, smells it; it obviously smells incredibly delicious to her.

She tries to resist, holding it away from her mouth. She groans, licks her lips.

She then puts the apple to her mouth and licks it. She groans again, as it is delicious and sweet.

Finally she bites it. She immediately becomes dizzy, staggers, slowly collapses to the ground, dead. The apple falls from her hand. The QUEEN enters.)

QUEEN (*cont'd*). White as snow... (*She takes rose out of SNOW WHITE's hair, smells it.*) Red as blood.

(She bends down, fondly kisses SNOW WHITE's head, drops rose on SNOW WHITE. We hear the DWARVES. The QUEEN picks up the apple, exits. The DWARVES enter, stop.)

FIFTH. No.

(DWARVES run to SNOW WHITE. SECOND, THIRD and FOURTH stand guard as before.)

FIRST & SEVENTH. Snow White...Snow White!

(The others kneel around SNOW WHITE.)

SECOND. Does she move?

FIRST. No. Not breathing.

THIRD. Is there a comb?

SIXTH. No comb.

FIFTH. No lace.

SIXTH. Nothing royal.

THIRD. Does she hold something in her hand?

FIRST (*picking up her hand*). Nothing in her hand.

FOURTH. Do you see anything?

SEVENTH. Nothing.

FOURTH. Turn her over.

(FIRST and SIXTH move her.)

SIXTH. Nothing.

SECOND. Do you see anything on the ground around her?

(They look.)

FIFTH. No.

SEVENTH. Snow White!

FIRST. There's nothing we can do. The dear child is dead.

DWARVES. Aahhhh...

THIRD. The queen has done this.

FOURTH. We told Snow White we couldn't help her.

FIRST. We must bury her.

SEVENTH. Bury her...

SECOND. But...look.

(The DWARVES frantically look around.)

SEVENTH. What?

SIXTH. Where?

SECOND. Her cheeks are red.

THIRD. She looks fresh; like a living person.

SECOND. She's pretty.

FOURTH. We can't bury her in the dark earth.

NARRATOR. And so the dwarves made a glass coffin,
where she could be easily seen.

(Four of the DWARVES get the glass coffin—which lies on a bier—and push it on. The bier is decorated with leaves and flowers.)

The DWARVES lift lid, place it down, remove a board from within the coffin. They lay board next to SNOW WHITE. They lift SNOW WHITE—careful to not allow her head to fall back—and place her on the board. The DWARVES pick her up on the board and place her in the coffin. They place flowers in her hands, then cover her with the lid. This occurs as the following narration is given.)

NARRATOR. Then, with golden letters, they wrote her name on it, and that she was a princess. She lay in the coffin and she did not decay. She lay as if she were asleep. One of the dwarves always stayed home with the coffin and watched over her, day and night. *(All but SECOND—the spearholder –exit. SECOND picks up the spear, stands guard by the coffin.)* The next day Roland went to the clearing,

(ROLAND enters.)

NARRATOR. in the forest, and waited for Snow White.

ROLAND. Forest Lady...

NARRATOR. And he returned the next day, and the next.

ROLAND. Wild Rose... *(He exits.)*

NARRATOR. One day the king, Snow White's father, returning to his castle,

(The KING enters.)

NARRATOR. passed through the forest.

SECOND. Who is there?

KING. Dwarf.

SECOND. My lord. *(He bows.)*

KING. My battle-sword is in need of repair. I have broken it on the bones of the French. *(He draws out his sword, which is wrapped in cloth, shows it to SECOND.)*

SECOND. If you leave it with us, my lord, we will repair it, stronger than ever.

KING *(referring to coffin)*. What is this coffin?

SECOND. Read sadness there, my lord.

KING *(reads the inscription)*. My child? Snow White? Dressed this way? Out here? How can this be?

NARRATOR. And the dwarf told him the story.

KING. My beautiful child; gone. *(He kneels behind the coffin.)*

NARRATOR. It so happened, that on the evening of the same day...

(The other DWARVES enter, except for FIRST. FOURTH carries ROLAND's battle-sword.)

SECOND. The king!

DWARVES *(all stop and bow)*. My lord.

KING. She is changed, but she is my daughter.

FIFTH. We did what we could, my lord. Now, all is different.

(FIRST enters, leading ROLAND.)

SECOND. Who is there?

ROLAND. Dwarves.

FIRST. The prince!

DWARVES (*all bow*). Prince Roland.

ROLAND. I have come to take possession of my battle-sword.

THIRD. Here, Prince. Newly finished in the forge. Our finest work. (*THIRD hands him the new battle-sword.*)

ROLAND. It's magnificent. Perfectly balanced. (*Swinging sword.*) Elegant and powerful. Beware the French! Excellent work, my friends. (*He has swung around and now faces coffin.*) What is this?... The Wild Rose?

SECOND. Read sadness there, Prince.

ROLAND. Snow White...the Wild Rose, is a princess... Dead? But how can this be?

NARRATOR. And the dwarves told him the story. And of her father, the king.

(*ROLAND bows to the KING.*)

ROLAND. Now that I know who she is, I must lose her?

SIXTH. We did all we could for her.

ROLAND. Let me have the coffin. I will give you anything for it.

SEVENTH. We will not sell it for all the gold in the world.

ROLAND. Then give it to me. I will honor and cherish her.

KING. I will carry her to my castle. There I will build a shrine.

ROLAND. But, look at her. She appears fresh; alive.

KING. Yes... You say you loosened the lace and she revived?

FIFTH. Yes.

KING. And the next time, you removed the comb and she revived?

FIRST. Yes, but we cannot help her now.

ROLAND. Remove the lid of this coffin.

(The DWARVES hesitate, look at one another, not knowing what to do.)

SECOND. But, my lord, she is lying in peace, here, with us.

ROLAND. She is not at peace. She calls to me.

KING. She calls to you?

ROLAND. She is calling me. Remove the lid. *(They hesitate. He starts to take it off himself; the DWARVES gracefully prevent him, usher him away.)* Do not stand in my way, dwarves.

KING. Remove the lid!

FIRST. Yes, my lord.

(The DWARVES remove the lid. ROLAND kneels, looks at SNOW WHITE. The KING stands near the head of the coffin.)

KING. There must be something...

ROLAND *(touches her hair, then takes her hand, puts her hand down)*. She has changed, but she is still fresh. *(He impulsively reaches in and pulls her up; his hand holding her head up.)* She is not cold. See her red cheeks; her lips are red... *(He looks at her clothing, dropping his hand and letting her head fall back, which opens her mouth. He quickly puts her head back up.)*

KING. But what was that, in her mouth?

FIRST. Something in her mouth?

SECOND. We didn't look in her mouth.

ROLAND (*with one hand he holds her up, the other lets her head fall back. He takes the piece of the apple out of her mouth, looks at it*). Apple? (*He throws it away. SNOW WHITE takes a deep breath, lets it out, then quietly moans.*) She is breathing.

DWARVES (*quietly*). She is breathing.

SEVENTH. She's breathing.

DWARVES (*louder*). She's breathing.

(*SNOW WHITE looks around herself, seemingly understanding all she sees.*)

SNOW WHITE. My dwarves.

DWARVES (*quietly, not all in unison*). Princess, Snow White.

SNOW WHITE. Father.

KING. My daughter.

ROLAND. Wild Rose.

SNOW WHITE. Roland... (*She pulls him to her, kisses him on the mouth.*)

DWARVES. Yaaa!

(*ROLAND helps her out of the coffin; SNOW WHITE embraces him. The DWARVES give their guttural cheer and pound their shovels and other tools on the ground, and dance some.*)

DWARVES (*cont'd*). Yaaa! Yaa yaa yaa yaa!

(*A lively, courtly dance music is heard.*)

NARRATOR. Thereafter, the Wild Rose and Roland were married. When the queen heard that Snow White was alive and was to marry a prince, her envy drove her to attend the ceremony.

(GUARD and GRETA enter. GUARD carries long tongs which grip red hot shoes.)

NARRATOR. There, at the wedding, the king ordered that iron shoes be put in burning coals. They were placed before the queen. *(GUARD places them in front of QUEEN.)* She was forced to step into the red-hot shoes and dance. *(QUEEN dances as everyone, including and especially SNOW WHITE, watches.)* She could not stop until she had danced herself to death. *(QUEEN dances to SNOW WHITE, bows to her. Then she dances off. SNOW WHITE and ROLAND begin to dance, as the others all circle around them. The DWARVES cheer and dance around them, as do GRETA and the GUARD.)* After the wedding, mothers told the story of Snow White to their children. Those children grew and told the story to their children. And once upon a time, the story was told to us. And as for Snow White and Prince Roland, *(lights isolate SNOW WHITE and ROLAND, framed by everyone else)* they lived happily for many years.

(SNOW WHITE and ROLAND end their dance with an embrace and kiss. Tableau. Dim out.)

THE END

AFTERWORD:

What follows is part of a speech on a panel delivered at South-eastern Theatre Conference in 2007 entitled: "Using Fairy Tale and Folk Tale Elements in Contemporary Plays." I have made some emendations for clarity and appropriateness for this publication. I have also attached an English translation of the manuscript version of "Little Snow White."

I

The best-selling German book of all time (other than the Bible) is the Grimms' *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*. And of all the stories in the collection, "Snow White" remains one of the most familiar, retold and loved. It is a fair question to ask why. What is there about "Snow White" and the other tales in the book that is so compelling, so engaging, and speaks so strongly across time and cultures? And how do these stories work on us? How do they function as a carrier of experience and wisdom?

Much has been written in answer to these questions. Erich Neumann, Bruno Bettelheim, Joseph Campbell, the Jungians, etc., have articulated the psychological content and impact of these stories and other folk tales and myth. Obviously the "original" storytellers of such tales did not speak in terms of archetypes, or the collective unconscious or the underlying psychological matrices. But I think it clear that the tellers were aware that their stories contained underlying meanings and metaphors. The tales are just too wise, too compelling, the images too clear and consistent.

The style and structure of the tales grow out of a universal human facility. Such a multilevel creation as a fairy tale is a common human expression. We all express this type of experience nightly when entering the realm of dream, where we create:

story, character, dialogue, metaphor, multiple meanings, instant time switches, transformations and violent images.

It seems profitable and reasonable, in order to arrive at a greater understanding of these tales, to examine them with some of the common sense techniques used in counseling and psychotherapy to understand dreams.

When approaching dream interpretation, many schools of thought begin with asking three basic questions (in one form or another). First: "What is the dream about?" Second: "What is the dream about?" And third: "What is the dream about?"

The first question asks: Where does the raw material for the dream come from? What does the dream take from the milieu of the preceding day and the dreamer's actual life? And when applied to the tale of "Snow White": What elements does the story take from the milieu of the contemporary culture?—castles, princesses, war, carriages, bodices, etc.

The second question asks: What happens and to whom, when and where, in what order? It asks for the narrative of the dream or, in the case of "Snow White," the storyline.

The third question asks: What is the dream, or "Snow White," about? What does it concern, what are the issues it brings up and what does it say about them? What does it mean?

For an audience of the tale, perhaps there needn't be a discussion at all. These stories seem to compel us whether or not we approach them consciously and articulate their import. In the moment-by-moment process of the fairy tale of "Snow White," there seems a balance and interplay between the surface story

and the underlying psychology that allows the fuller meaning to shine through effortlessly and effectively.

2

If a play follows the structure, character and style of a fairy tale like "Snow White," it becomes a different kind of play. For example, the characters in a fairy tale are two dimensional—one dimension in the narrative and the other in the dreamwork. Asking three-dimensional questions of a two-dimensional character—such as asking Rapunzel why she doesn't have the prince bring up a rope so they both can climb down from the tower, or asking Snow White why she doesn't know that the peasant woman offering her an apple is her mother—proves an inappropriate and fruitless exercise, unless the questioner looks to the underlying psychology that structures the tales. If Rapunzel has a need to stay in the tower, and struggles against that need and wishes to grow, and the story is built out of that ambivalence, who is Mother Gothel but her ally in one side of the ambivalence? Or, to put it another way, Mother Gothel is Rapunzel's own inner voice in the guise of her (seemingly caring, nurturing) mother urging her to remain who she is—a child. There is a price for doing so: she must remain locked in a tower, away from the world, and unable to grow and live out her fuller life. There is a price to leave the tower; she will abandon the security of childhood and enter an unknown wilderness where she will have to learn to be responsible for herself and her own children. Rapunzel's desire to remain locked in childhood will necessarily paint the mother as kind, nurturing and giving. On the other hand, her desire to grow paints her mother as angry, vengeful and abandoning. If Mother Gothel, then, is the external vision of Rapunzel's inner mother, then Rapunzel has put herself in the tower and keeps herself there, which is why she does not ask the prince for a rope. The prince cannot and does not rescue

her; he reenters only after Rapunzel has saved herself. The choices are hers; the tale describes a psychological journey of inner growth. Of course the relationship between Rapunzel and the witch has more aspects, but viewing the central relationship of the tale in this manner begins to answer the question of why Rapunzel does not ask for a rope.

If Snow White has a biological and personal need to develop as a young woman and avoid seductions while doing so (vanity, as symbolized by the bodice and comb and the mother's compulsive need to be the most physically beautiful), yet she is passive and fearful and inept at doing so, then the inner mother—Snow White's own inner voice here exteriorized as an envious, vain woman—can be seen, on one level, as her ally in growth. The mother literally and figuratively pushes Snow White out into the world where she begins to learn some of the skills she will need to survive as an adult. One of the most significant of Snow White's tasks—insisted upon by the dwarves—is to be alone to do her work. The mother then puts Snow White through a series of trials. By the time the peasant woman offers her the apple, Snow White has reached a maturity level that allows her to take the next step. The story as a whole has led her to this moment, and she chooses to defy the regressive elements within her, to let them "die," and to become her reborn, maturing self. The queen/mother helps facilitate this choice, this growth, albeit in a dark and sinister manner. But again, this is the inner mother projected outward and, since the struggle is difficult and terrifying (in order for Snow White to develop, parts of her must "die"), the queen/mother is seen as dark and sinister. One side of the ambivalence would certainly paint the mother as malevolent, just as one side of Rapunzel's ambivalence painted the mother/witch as nurturing and loving. (Again, this is only one aspect of their relationship. There are others, such as the competition between Snow White and her mother for the attention of the king.)

As for the prince, Snow White, like Rapunzel, is not waiting for her prince to come, she is doing what is necessary to grow and prepare herself for a prince. She will meet one when she is ready. The prince, as in Rapunzel, does not save Snow White so much as reappear once she has done her work.

I believe this begins to answer the question of why mothers told this story to their daughters for generations. And what it meant to them. The mothers shared a belief—which time and the tale’s appeal to generations of mothers and daughters seem to support—that the story would speak—however directly or indirectly—not only to the children’s delight in compelling stories but also to the deeper aspects of their children’s psyches.

The play a fairy tale makes doesn’t look like a well-made play, it looks more like a dream. But an accessible, communal, engaging, dramatically satisfying dream.

3

What follows is a translation of the Olenberg manuscript version of “Snow White,” the most complete early version closest to the oral tradition. However, as will become clear upon reading, a single individual told the Grimms this tale, and it contains idiosyncratic phrasings, emphasis and tone and, one can only assume, images. I thank Dr. Robert Selig for this translation.

This is the story as it was told to me.

LITTLE SNOW WHITE

Once, in the winter, when snow fell from the sky, a queen sat sewing by a window. The queen longed to have a child. As she thought about this she pricked her finger and three drops of blood fell onto the snow. Then the queen said:

“Oh, I wish I had a child white as this snow, with red cheeks, like this blood, and black eyes like the frame of this window.”

Soon after she had a beautiful daughter white as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony wood. And the daughter was named: Snow White.

The queen was the most beautiful woman in the country but Snow White was a hundred thousand times more beautiful. And when the queen asked her mirror:

“Mirror Mirror on the wall,
Who is the most beautiful woman in all of England?”

The mirror answered:

“Queen, you are beautiful,
But Snow White is one hundred thousand times more beautiful.”

The queen could not suffer her daughter anymore because the queen wanted to be the most beautiful woman in the realm.

One day, when the king was traveling to war, the queen had her carriage readied and ordered it to be driven into a vast, dark forest, the same forest with many beautiful red roses. When she arrived in the forest with her daughter, she said to Snow White:

“Oh, Snow White, why don’t you go and get me some of those beautiful roses.”

As soon as the daughter had left the carriage to carry out the order, the queen drove off with the greatest speed in the hopes that wild animals should soon devour the girl.

Now Snow White was all alone in this vast forest and she cried very much. She kept walking farther and farther until she was very tired and reached a small house. In this little house lived the seven dwarves, but they weren’t at home because they had gone into a mine. When Snow White entered the house there was a table. On this table there were seven plates, seven spoons, seven forks, seven knives, seven glasses. And in this room there were also seven beds.

Snow White ate a little bit from every plate: a bit of cabbage, a bit of bread, drank a drop out of every glass. Finally she wanted to go to sleep because she was tired. She tried out all the beds but didn’t find one that fit her until the very last one which is where she lay down.

When the seven dwarves returned home from their day’s work, they said, each of them:

“Who ate from my plate?”

“Who took from my bread?”

“Who ate with my fork?”

“Who cut with my knife?”

“Who drank from my cup?”

Thereafter the first dwarf said:

“And who slept in my bed?”

And the second said:

“Somebody also laid in my bed.”

And the third and the fourth and the fifth all said the same thing, until they finally found Snow White lying asleep in the seventh bed.

They liked her so much that, out of consideration, they left her lying there and the seventh dwarf had to sleep with the sixth one as well as he could.

Now when Snow White woke up the next morning they asked her how she got there and she told them everything. The queen, her mother, had left her alone in the forest and had driven away. The dwarves felt sorry for her and asked her to stay with them and to cook their food whenever they went to the mines but admonished her to be wary of the queen and never to allow anybody to enter the house.

Now when the queen heard that Snow White was with the seven dwarves, rather than having died in the forest, she put on the clothes of an old traveling sales woman and went to the house and asked to be allowed in with her wares. Snow White didn't recognize her and said through the window:

“I am not allowed to let anybody in.”

But the merchant woman said:

“Oh, dear child, look what beautiful leather laces I have and you can have them very cheaply.”

And Snow White thought: "I really need these laces very much. And there can't be any harm in letting in this woman as I can make a good bargain." And she opened the door and bought the laces.

Once she bought those, the woman said: "My, you are so poorly laced up, let me help you tighten your bodice better." And, at this point, the old woman, who was the queen, took the laces and tightened Snow White so tight that she fell down as if she were dead. Then the queen left.

When the dwarves came home and saw Snow White lying there they very quickly suspected who had been there. The dwarves untied the laces so that Snow White came to again. But they admonished her to be more careful next time.

Once the queen found out her daughter had come to life again she could not rest and once again returned to the dwarves' house in disguise and tried to sell Snow White a beautiful comb. Since Snow White loved that comb too much she once again opened the door and let the old woman in. The queen started to comb Snow White's yellow hair with the comb but the comb got stuck in her hair and she fell down as if she were dead.

When the seven dwarves returned to the house they found the door open and Snow White lying on the ground. They immediately knew who had done this harm. They immediately pulled the comb out of her hair and Snow White returned to life. They told her, however, that if she let herself be fooled one more time they could not help her a third time.

The queen, however, became very angry when she found out that Snow White had come back to life again and disguised herself for the third time as a peasant woman. She took an apple

that was poison only on the red half. Snow White, however, was on guard, and refused to open the door to the woman who gave her the apple through the window. The queen disguised herself and acted in such a way that Snow White did not recognize her.

Snow White bit into the apple where it was red and fell to the ground dead.

When the seven dwarves returned home they couldn't help her anymore and they were very sad and full of misery. They put Snow White in a glass coffin in which she maintained her figure and appearance and did not decay. They wrote her name and descent on it and carefully guarded the coffin day and night.

One day, however, the king, the father of Snow White, returned into his empire and had to go through the same forest where the seven dwarves were living. Now when he saw the coffin and the inscription he was very sad about the death of his beloved daughter.

But he had in his entourage very experienced doctors who asked for the corpse from the dwarves. They then tied a rope to the four corners of the roof, and Snow White came to life again. Thereafter, all of them moved out of the house and Snow White was married to a beautiful prince.

At the wedding feast a pair of iron shoes were heated up in the fire, and the queen was forced to put them on and dance. She danced in them until she was dead.

4

There was a note written in the margin that this conclusion "isn't right and is incomplete."

Also there was a note stating: "According to a different version the dwarves touched her with a magic hammer 32 times and thus brought Snow White back to life."

The text goes on to give alternate beginnings and scenarios of similar tales involving Snow White.

NOTES

Snow White: The Queen's Fair Daughter

Fairy tale. Adapted by Max Bush. Based on the Olenberg manuscript and early versions of the Brothers Grimm tale. Cast: 4m., 4w., 8 either gender. This version of *Snow White* is based on the oral story as it was told to the Brothers Grimm in 1808. It contains many of the familiar elements—the seven dwarves, mirror, bodice and apple, the glass coffin—but also differs from the Grimms' later versions in that the stepmother is a mother, there is no hunter, and the king, Snow White's father, plays a significant role. The queen adores her daughter, but as Snow White grows to adolescence, she also grows closer to her father, the king, and further from her mother. Snow White becomes curious about many things, including her mother's secret room within which she discovers a magical mirror and that her mother creates potions. As punishment for this, and while the king is away at war, the queen takes her daughter deep into the forest and, in anger and sadness, abandons her there. Snow White comes upon the small house of the industrious seven dwarves. When they return home from work they prepare to attack the sleeping Snow White but quickly decide that she may stay. One day Snow White happens upon a young prince and his tutor sword fighting in the forest. The prince, intrigued by the wild forest girl, attempts to court her, with hilarious results. With the help of her mirror, the envious queen learns Snow White is still alive and travels to Snow White three times in disguise to do her harm. The first two times the dwarves are able to revive Snow White, but the third time, after biting a poisoned apple, Snow White "dies." The dwarves place her in a glass coffin, where she lies in state, until one day her father, the king, finds her. Together, the king and prince discover a way to release her from her mother's spell, and Snow White awakens into her new life. Included in the production is a translation into English of the Grimm Brothers' original handwritten manuscript. The set is set with multiple locations. Approximate running time: 75 minutes. Code: SP

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